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THE GLADIATORS AND OTHER POEMS

ELIZABETH FULTON BAKER



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AND OTHER POEMS

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BY
ELIZABETH FULTON [✓]BAKER
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Life.
John Milton Carr
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TO E. F. B.

O Living Spirit of the years long fled,
How potent still your power! What subtle charm,
What magic your old tales possess to calm
The restless spirit, strengthen hearts sore stead!
Sweet the breeze from your far summits, bringing
Fragrance from old enchanted gardens, gay
With rosy bowers, where love was wont to stray,
'Mid the softened light of day's last gleaming.

And Thou, to whom all lovely scenes were dear—
The moonlit night, the stars, the river's gleam,
The sunlight on the towers of Old Romance,—
Thy gentle spirit oft must hover near
The shining river, 'neath the quiet beam
Of waning stars that mark the night's advance.

J. M. C.

June, 1917.

INTRODUCTORY

These miscellaneous poems, the product of a mind of rare beauty and culture, were written during the early and middle years of the author's life, with no thought of publicity, but rather to give expression to an inborn poetic temperament and to please a small circle of intimate friends. After remaining in their original manuscript form for many years, they have been collected and published by her grandson, before whose birth they were written, as a memorial of the work and worth of one who has long since passed into the Great Beyond. He herewith makes grateful acknowledgment of his indebtedness to her ennobling influence, exercised with so much of wisdom and love through the days of his childhood, youth and early manhood.

Elizabeth Fulton Baker was born in Philadelphia in the year 1810, the second daughter of Samuel and Nancy Fulton—her father being at that time a merchant on High Street, at the northwest corner of what is now Eleventh and Market Streets. She became the wife of George Baker of the same city, and died in Philadelphia on the 15th day of July, 1892.

It is hoped that this slender volume will be welcomed by any who may remember its author; and that it may prove a source of pleasure and uplift to all who read its pages. With affectionate gratitude to her whose poetic genius made this Memorial possible, it is presented to a kindly public.

JOHN MILTON CARR.

June, 1917.

Cordial acknowledgment is due to Mr.
Harry Pringle Ford for helpful assistance
in reviewing these manuscripts for
publication.

J. M. C.

THE GLADIATORS
AND OTHER POEMS

THE LAST OF THE GLADIATORS.*

THE trumpet's signal blast was given
When down the arena came,
In the pride of strength and manhood,
To the gladiatorial game,
Two young and graceful combatants
Of a hardy Thracian line,
Whose swords and bucklers gleaming,
Foretold their dark design.

Around their fine, symmetric forms,
Their classic robes were thrown,
With that surpassing grace which lives
Yet in the sculptured stone;
Their features, though of perfect mould,
Wore a defiant air;
And 'neath their shining helmets flowed
Thick waves of golden hair.

* Lines on a Christian monk, who traveled many miles to Rome in order to preach against the gladiatorial fights. He rushed into the arena and attempted to separate the combatants, and was himself torn to pieces by the infuriated Roman populace.

Proudly they trod, that youthful pair,
Thus armed for deadly strife,
With the glorious world around them,
Teeming with light and life;
With all youth's noble energies,
With intellect endowed,
To pamper to the heartless taste
Of an unfeeling crowd.

And not the base and lowly born
The scene alone did share,
The high and learned of the land,
In all their pomp, were there—
From the proud patrician noble
To plebeians, rude and strong,
And woman's lovely form was seen
To mingle in the throng.

And could they gaze and feel no pain,
Those high-born maidens there,
With costly jewels flashing
Through their locks of braided hair?
Oh, custom! what a tyrant,
What a cruel thing thou art,
Thus to subdue to thy control
E'en gentle woman's heart!

And, Rome, as o'er the historic page
 We read thy deeds of fame,
Up comes the thrilling story
 To dim thine ancient name;
And we ponder on thy greatness
 Through the long and mighty past,
And marvel that so foul a stain
 Thy memories should blast.

Where were thy valiant conquerors,
 Whose banners, when unfurled,
Proclaimed thy proud pre-eminence,
 Thou mistress of the world?
And all those lofty intellects
 That formed that patriot band,
Who shook the Senate with their tones
 In thy once glorious land?

All bending down, with one accord,
 At custom's common shrine,
Nor deemed the cruel practice
 Degrading to their time:
But He, whose eyes are purer,
 Saw from His throne above,
And sent His chosen instrument
 To do His work of love.

Far o'er the stormy ocean,
The noble martyr came,
With his high and holy purpose,
To win a deathless name;
Not as a valiant conqueror,
The foremost in the van,
But chiefly for the wondrous love
He bore his fellow-man.

He saw the gladiator,
Young, generous and brave,
With nature's vast inheritance
Degraded to a slave,
And oft his touching eloquence
Against the cruel art,
Sent full and strong convictions
To many a truthful heart.

And there a-down his manly cheek
Large drops were seen to roll,
While the springing founts of sympathy
Filled all his lofty soul;
He saw their classic features
Stained with deep purple gore,
The life-blood streaming from their hearts,
And he could see no more.

Down, down the vast arena,
He sprang with fearful might,
To separate the combatants
Then raging with the fight;
In tones of thrilling grandeur
Denounced the dreadful crime,
His noble aspect wearing
A majesty sublime.

One moment at him gazing,
The sanguine Roman stood,
And mighty waves of passion rose
To a resistless flood;
Through the vast amphitheatre
The fierce excitement spread,
And dreadful deeds of vengeance fell
On his devoted head.

He heeded not the uproar
Of the furious Roman crowd,
As they poured along the lofty halls,
With clamors long and loud;
He only knew his mission
That day must be fulfilled,
And he could never shrink from what
The Almighty Father willed.

* * *

All hail! thou faithful martyr,
Thy glorious work is done;
Thy noble self-devotion
Has reached the Cæsar's throne,
And never, never since that time,
Polluting mortal sight,
Comes forth the awful spectacle
Of the gladiators' fight.

TO MY DAUGHTER

ON HER SEVENTH BIRTHDAY

AS o'er thy features now, my child, I cast a
mother's eye,
What vivid recollections come of days and
years gone by;
Seasons around which joy and care their lights and
shadows threw,
As gradually thy infant charms unfolded to my view.

When first these fond maternal arms thy little form
caress'd,
What worlds of new-born tenderness came crowding
to my breast!
So strange, so new, so sweetly pure, so tinged with
sadness, too,
While hope a thousand beauteous buds around thy
pathway threw.

But not on thee alone, my child, did all this fondness
dwell;
Oh, no! for deep-felt sympathies came o'er me like
a spell;
Forth from the fountains of my heart there gushed
a stream of light,
And things I never loved before grew precious in
my sight.

From whence came this deep tenderness? Oh, surely
it was given
To curb the proud, rebellious thoughts, and lift them
up to heaven;
To shadow forth some image faint of that immortal
love
Which watches o'er us day and night from those
blue heights above!

But seven summers now have passed, and, wayward
as thou art,
That little frame of thine contains a tender, loving
heart;
And sweet it is to hear thee ask, when at thine
evening prayer,
For blessings on thy guardian friends, and little
playmates fair.

Dear little children! how they sport away life's sunny
hours,
Lovely and fair as opening buds amid the dewy
flowers;
Their presence sheds a joyousness, a something
cheering bright,
Which flings a freshness o'er the soul like gleams of
morning light.

Oh! how I love to see the smiles their merry faces
wear;
To smooth back from their sunny brows their locks
of silken hair;
To gaze into their beauteous eyes, of every shape
and hue,
Some hazel bright, some scarce defined, and some
so softly blue.

Oh! chide them not too harshly for their little childish
freaks,
For they will list to reason's voice, while tears will
wet their cheeks;
And oftentimes, in after life, when pleasure weaves
her charm,
The memory of a gentle tone will shield them from
much harm.

And let them romp and roll the hoop, and in each
pastime share,
While shouts of merry laughter burst upon the
summer air;
For, oh! it is a lovely sight to see the look of glee
That lightens up the radiant brow of youthful purity.

And ye, upon whose fostering care these little ones
are thrown,
Take heed ye crush not their young hopes ere they
have scarcely blown;
Remember, they have angel friends of pure seraphic
grace,
Who ever keep their faithful watch before their
Father's face.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BRIGHT as the morning's orient blush,
Her slender form so lightly springing,
Comes forth the dark-eyed Indian girl,
Her clear voice through the wild wood
ringing.

Her smile is like the radiant glow
Of sunshine o'er the landscape stealing,
Bidding the rosy hours awake,
And all their earliest charms revealing.

Untutored grace guides every limb
And motion of this wild young creature,
No sculptor ever carved a nymph
Of finer form or lovelier feature.
Though on her cheeks no roses bloom,
Nor lilies fair display their whiteness,
No sparkling gems from India's mine
Can match her starry eyes for brightness.

* Composed on a young Sioux girl, who presented her friend with a lock of her long raven hair as a token of friendship.

The stateliest chief whose arrows fly
Forth from his sounding bow and quiver,
Will haste to greet her glorious smile
As speeds her light bark down the river.
The white man, too, as he journeys there
By Minnesota's deep blue water,
Will pause to gaze at the beauty rare
Of the Light of Dawn, the chieftain's daughter!

One glossy band of raven hair
She sweetly gave as friendship's token;
Long may it be in memory's chain,
E'er that one golden link be broken!
May He who guards the red man's home,
The Spirit God of the land and water,
May He preserve, in peace and love,
The guileless breast of the chieftain's daughter!

FAIRMOUNT BY MOONLIGHT

FAIR scene of beauty on the winding shore,
I view thy lovely prospects o'er and o'er,
Thy beauteous fountains, and thy silver
floods,

Thy rocky boundaries, and romantic woods.
Here, as I rove, imagination strays
To fancied deities of ancient days,
Where every fount that played, or stream that flowed,
Had some fair naiad or some sov'reign god.
God of the winding river! Though none revere,
Yet fancy deems thee still a monarch here;
For never yet hath pagan power divine
Reigned o'er a stream more beautiful than thine!
'Tis sweet to wander o'er thy rocky heights,
Where every prospect round the eye delights
At this soft hour, when silence reigns profound,
When all is quiet save the murmuring sound
Of distant oars, some light boat's gentle sail,
Or flute-like music breathing on the gale;
Whilst the fair, pensive sov'reign of the night
Sheds over rock and wave her melancholy light.
Hail! lovely moon, beneath whose placid ray
The river murmurs and the fountains play.
Thou hast a loveliness around thee thrown,
An hallowed charm possessed by thee alone;
And on thine azure throne and brow serene
I gaze with wonder, as thou mov'st, fair queen,
In silent beauty o'er this classic scene.

QUEEN MARY AND DARNLEY

SHE comes with all her courtly train, fair Scotia's
graceful Queen,
With the light of love in her starry eye, and
hope in her joyous mien;
And proudly on their prancing steeds, up Edinboro's
height,
Comes Caledonia's noble lords and lovely ladies
bright.

All eyes are gazing on her. How skillfully, how well
She guides her milk-white palfrey, the gentle Rosa-
belle;
And he the chosen of her heart, in the flush of youth-
ful pride,
The tall and handsome Darnley, rides gaily by her
side.

And foremost in the following train young Rizzio
takes his place;
One smile from her, his worshipped Queen, lights up
his wild, dark face.
The haughty nobles view him with a stern and jealous
eye,
He little heeds their scornful looks when his fair
sovereign's by.

What grace is in her motion! what queenly dignity!
The bending of her swanlike neck is beautiful to see.
In her the ease and elegance of the race of Guise
 combine
With the high and regal bearing of the Stuarts'
 kingly line.

Her dark hair's wealth of glossy curls the summer
 breezes seek,
The bloom of healthful exercise is on her glowing
 cheek,
The slight arch of her well-formed nose and mouth's
 exquisite curve,
Might well a perfect model for the gifted sculptor
 serve.

Hers is no haughty tyrant's air, inspiring fear and
 dread;
See, to her loving followers she bows her beauteous
 head.
They throng from Scotia's hills and vales and borders
 far and wide,
To greet their much-loved ruler as Lord Darnley's
 royal bride.

Ill-fated, lovely Mary! Thou art bright and joyous
now,
Confidingly believing in thy bridegroom's promised
vow;
Thou could'st not think that gloom or care could
cause thee to repine,
Or cast one shade of sadness o'er that fair young
brow of thine.

Thou seemest a gay and happy bride, in gorgeous
robes arrayed;
Far better that thou hadst been born a lowly cottage
maid,
For though thou wore no diadem, yet still, fair Queen,
for thee
The fates could never have decreed so dark a destiny.

Smile on, smile on, fair sovereign, and wave thy lily
hand;
Fate's adverse storms have scarce begun to o'er-
shadow thy fair land.
But when they come, may He who guides the living
and the dead,
Fit thee to brave the dreadful storms that hover
round thy head!

THE SACHEM'S LAMENT.

THE noise of the battle had died away,
And cold on the ground a young warrior lay,
Serene, in dark beauty, his brow lay bare,
While the night breeze lifted his raven hair.
But forever was quenched the joyous light
Of his eye, which was once, like the eagle's, bright.

His quiver and wampum beside him lay,
And an old man leant o'er his lifeless clay.
His breast, full of sorrow, heaved many a sigh,
And a glance of deep anguish gleamed from his eye.
He spoke, and in accents of keen despair,
Thus addressed the cold form that lay motionless
there:

"Arise, my beloved one, my warrior son!
Come, gird on thy wampum—the battle is won!
'Tis the voice of thy sire; come, do not delay,
The bright moon is up to illumine thy way,
And thy light bark is waiting by yonder shore
To waft thee in peace the deep blue waters o'er.

"Thou wak'st not, my boy; how fearfully still
Is that form which once bounded o'er forest and hill!
So buoyant, so graceful, so fleet in the chase,
So strong in the battle! Oh! pride of thy race,
I fear me that death is upon thy young brow,
And there's nought on this wide earth can solace me
now!

"I stand like some tree, in its loneliness left
In the desert, of all its fair branches bereft.
No more through the lone forest depths shall I hear
That voice, which oft told when my brave boy was
near;
Nor echo repeat to thy far-twanging bow,
Nor see thy light bark o'er the deep waters go.

"I reign the great sachem of numerous tribes;
My feats as a brave every nation describes;
I rule over princes, and at my command
Whole nations would flock in my presence to stand:
But what is the homage of hundreds to me,
Compared to the love which I cherish for thee!

"But why do I linger thus wildly to rave?
Thy home shall now be with the blest and the brave.
Far, far away, up in yon bright realms of air,
The shades of thy kindred are waiting thee there.
They have launched their canoes from the golden
strand
That bounds the bright plains of the fair spirit land.

"Farewell! farewell! Where these wild willows wave,
I will mingle my sighs with the breeze o'er thy grave.
And when my loos'd spirit, no longer oppress,
Shall soar to the gates of the far glowing west,
I will meet thee again on that beautiful shore,
Where sorrow and pain can afflict me no more!"

THE CONFLAGRATION.*

'T WAS at the solemn midnight hour,
 'Mid storms and wintry snows,
When all the weary world around
 Lay hushed in deep repose,
That up towards the vaulted sky
 A fire rose clear and bright,
That bathed the city's lofty spires
 In floods of living light.

The unwearied engines played around
 With an incessant shower;
But all in vain, they could not check
 Its fierce, destructive power.
On, on, the cruel demon raged,
 With stern, exulting glare;
The swelling crowds poured down the streets:
 All was confusion there!

The dear lost ones who perished then
 Lay in their peaceful rest,
As tranquil as the summer waves
 Upon the ocean's breast.
No gloomy thoughts disturbed their minds,
 Day's cares had passed away;
They dreamed not of the dangers
 That all around them lay.

*The fire on Federal Street, Philadelphia, February 8th, 1865, in which the gallant young fireman, Fleetwood, lost his life.

But soon was heard a fearful cry,
Which rent the midnight air,
From mothers and their children, dear,
In shrieks of wild despair.
Oh! surely, He who formed the world
And universe, so bright,
With pity looked upon their homes
That dismal, tragic night!

The Philadelphia firemen,
So faithful and so brave,
Put forth their mighty energies
The suffering ones to save.
But, oh! they could not help them all;
'Tis mournful to relate
How many in that awful scene
Shared in the same sad fate.

But there was one amid their band
Whose youthful bosom beat
With nature's warm emotions,
Who would not then retreat.
He saw the liquid streams of fire
Like burning lava roll;
And the springing founts of sympathy
Filled all his lofty soul.

No thoughts of safety for himself
His feelings then beguiled,
He saw a frantic mother clasp
Her helpless infant child.
He plunged into the scorching flames,
And every effort tried,
But all in vain! he could not save,
And thus he bravely died.

It was a self-forgetting act—
Heroic and sublime;
One which will not forgotten be
Until the end of time.
High in the glorious book of fame
His name shall ever stand,
Recorded on its brightest page,
With the noble of the land.

Oh, may the Eternal Father send,
From His immortal throne,
Strength to endure the dreadful blow
To each surviving one!
Oh, may their souls be lifted up;
May hope to them be given,
That they will meet those loved lost ones
In their blest home in heaven!

A YOUNG HERO.*

O H! seek him a spot in some lone shady
woodland,
Where the wild flowers bloom and the green
willows wave,
Where the low, mournful music of nature's sweet
voices
Will be heard in soft melodies over his grave.
He has gone in the strength and the pride of his
manhood,
No eye upon earth shall behold him again,
For him may the bard sing in softest of numbers,
And poesy ever awake its bright strain.

Oh! cold is that breast which once swell'd with
emotions,
Whose purity no selfish feelings could mar;
And that hand, which was ever stretched forward in
kindness,
Has smouldered to ashes, now scattered afar,
They are borne on the wings of the pure gales of
Heaven;
That nothing might sully those relics so rare,
The angels have hastened and gathered the treasures,
And have wafted them off to the regions of air.

* On the death of young Fleetwood, a member of the Moyamensing Hose Company, who perished on the morning of Wednesday, February 8th, 1865, in the attempt to rescue from the flames a mother and her child.

Oh! grieved are the friends who once shared in his
dangers,

To whom his sad death a deep sorrow imparts;
Tho' the life-chord is broken which bound them
together,

His name shall be ever enshrined in their hearts.
When the day's orb has set and its light has departed,
When the eyes that have watched him are lulled
into sleep,

The stars will look down in their lone solemn splendor
And over his tomb their night vigils keep.

ADDRESS TO NIGHT.

'T IS night! The pensive night! The moon
appears,
With all her countless orbs and glowing
spheres.

Soft lights and shadows o'er creation lie,
And all is tranquil 'neath a summer sky.
Free from the busy toil and cares of day,
The mind turns inward; and in bright array
Come visions of the loved ones passed away:
Hands which we've clasped of those we held most
dear;

Voices, whose tones were music to our ear;
Hearts, which were ever ready to o'erflow
With fond affection's sympathizing glow!
Thus to the soul loved images are brought
By thy calm power at this sweet hour of thought.
Hail! beauteous queen of night! emerging now
From heaven's pure, azure depths, how fair art thou!
Bright meteors flashing from thy brilliant zone
Dart their ethereal splendors round thy throne;
And pure, and holy, thy soft, lustrous light
Shines o'er the lowly vales and mountain's height,
Ever illumining, with glittering beams,
The gushing fountains and the silver streams.

But not o'er hills, and vales, and streams alone
Thou hold'st the sceptre from thine azure throne.
Not only in the grove and leafy bower
Is felt the sweetness of the moonlit hour,
Down in the crowded city's palace walls,
And marble pillars, thy soft radiance falls,
And gilds the towering spire, and arching dome,
And latticed porch of many an humble home.
The whole creation owns thy peaceful sway—
All feel the soothing influence of thy ray.
All, all, to whom the gift of sight is given,
Can cast their vision to the vault of heaven,
Where every bright intelligence above
Proclaims the eternal truth that God is love.
Oh! wondrous privilege, that one like I
Should gaze upon yon vast, resplendent sky,
Far-stretching in immensity, till lost
Amid those angel homes, that bright, that starry host.
There, in those fields of space, sublimely grand,
To trace the invisible, eternal Hand;
There, in those radiant characters, to read,
In sacred language, an immortal creed,
Proclaiming Him, who, in creation's plan,
Has not left out this glorious gift to man!

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

FROM Athens' stately palaces and halls of
grandeur came
Crowds to behold the talented and fair
Milesian dame;
And as her elegant discourse charmed the Athenian
ear,
Philosophers and poets thronged her eloquence to
hear.

The gods had formed her wondrous fair, surpassing
all in grace,
And the brilliant light of genius shed a radiance o'er
her face;
And round her pure white, classic brow she wore,
with skillful care,
A fillet decked with richest pearls 'mid bands of raven
hair.

And, then, such eyes, such lustrous eyes, so eloquently
bright;
So large, so darkly beautiful, few could resist their
light;
And as the shadows of the night obscure the day's
last streak,
So drooped her long dark lashes down upon her pale
rose cheek.

Her features, too, so regular, were cast in finest mould,
Her glittering teeth and vermil lips were beauteous
to behold;

Her neck was regal as the swan's, and delicately fair,
And white robes floated round her with a graceful
queen-like air.

Her voice was perfect melody, and like the brook
that speeds

Dashing along the mountain steeps, or rippling
through the meads;

Now rising into lofty strains, with passion's vivid
glow,

Then sinking in sweet cadences, soft, silvery and low.

Well could she join in grave discourse, with cynic or
with sage,

Or with the witty humorist in pleasantry engage,

Or praise the noble sculptor for his elevating art,

Or with impassioned poets speak emotions of the
heart.

Why was Aspasia's radiant brow so beautiful that
night?

Why were those rich and costly pearls wreathed in
her tresses bright?

Why flashed those gleams of splendor from her large
and glorious eyes?

And those fair, rounded cheeks suffused with bright
carnation dyes?

A conquest, ah, a brilliant one! A rich, a dazzling
prize,
With all its pomp and pageantry, glittered before her
eyes.
He came, the mighty potentate of Grecia's glorious
isles,
Attended by his noble train, to win her radiant smiles.

Around him stood, in proud array, the valiant of the
land,
And Athens' boasted sages formed a high, illustrious
band;
And round upon the listening ear, casting a magic
spell,
The gentle Plato's silver tones in sweetest accents fell.

And Cleomene, the lovely wife of Pericles, was there,
Gazing upon the brilliant scene with sad, dejected air.
The good and noble Socrates stood at the matron's
side,
And saw, with pain, the gathering tears she strove
in vain to hide.

He saw that chief whose mighty voice bade Grecia's
armies rise,
Now vanquished by the glances of the fair Milesian's
eyes.

Sad memories came of struggles that had tried his
own great soul,
When at Aspasia's shrine he knelt and owned her
sweet control.

The brilliant scenes had passed away of that eventful
night.
Her fondest hopes all realized, the fair enchantress
bright
Reclined upon her silken couch with grace that
seemed divine;
The high and mightiest in the land bent prostrate
at her shrine.

And she who had to Pericles been dearer once than
life,
Sat in her lonely palace home, a sad, neglected wife.
Hers was a loving nature, compassionate and meek,
And tears of wounded love and pride flowed down
her fair, pale cheek.

Around her stood her household band, a sad and
weeping train,
Who besought her not to leave them, but, ah! they
plead in vain;
She bade each one farewell, and sought a loving
father's arms,
And left her faithless lord a slave to fair Aspasia's
charms.

*

*

*

'Twas morn; o'er Athens' ancient gates the golden
sunbeams rose,
And slanting down her palace walls and marble
porticos,
Lit with a gorgeous beauty her lofty pillared domes,
And flashed with cheerful radiance upon her lowly
homes.

Up, up from her sacred altars, and consecrated woods,
Arose her morning sacrifice, and o'er her silver floods
Each monarch of the waters reigned with a kingly
pride,
And beauteous naiads kept their watch by the clear
fountain's side.

But though all nature's scenes around were beautiful
and bright,
And fair Illyssus' silver waves glowed in the
morning light,
A sad disease was raging there, whose pestilential
breath
Spread its dark ravages around mortality and death.

And as from many a shrine arose the sacrificial flame,
To hear the sacred oracles, what sad processions came
To propitiate the mighty gods, with pious gifts and
prayer,
To stay the fearful pestilence that raged so dreadful
there.

Surrounded by his nearest friends, plunged in the
deepest grief,
Within a spacious chamber lay the great Athenian
chief:
Prostrated by the same disease which many a year
before
Had borne his lovely offspring to the fair Elysian
shore.

The gloomy tidings spread abroad throughout fair
Grecia's land,
And, thronging round the palace gates, a noble
warrior band
Wept for the mighty Pericles, whose great and
glorious name
Had led them on to victories, to honor, and to fame.

Where was Aspasia, beauty's queen? Was she not at
his side?
Ah! no, the lovely Cleomene, his long-lost, injured
bride,
Came, like some spirit of the blest, his drooping soul
to cheer,
To renew that union which had been so sadly broken
here.

Around the languid, dying man, those loving arms
were thrown,
As tenderly as they had been in happier moments
flown.
She spoke not of the gloomy past, but calmed his
anxious fears,
And wiped from off his pallid cheek the penitential
tears.

“Oh! Cleomene, my long-lost love, one glance at
thee again
Atones for many a dreary hour of grief, remorse,
and pain.
To know that I have been forgiven—that single,
blessed thought,
Is dearer to my fainting soul than all this earth hath
brought.

“Ever before my fading sight, in heavenly beauty
comes
Shades of our blessed children from their fair Elysian
homes.
I hear their happy voices, as in childhood’s joyous
day;
They call me to their blest abodes; farewell, I must
away!”

Thus spoke the dying Grecian chief. Earth's scenes
were fading now,
And while the heavy dews of death were gathering
round his brow,
He breathed one deep and fervent prayer to the great
gods above,
And died in Cleomene's arms—his first, his faithful
love!

GENERAL MEADE.

HAIL to the chieftain! who comes in his glory,
With all his fresh laurels wreathed on his
brow,

Which tell to the nation the great, thrilling story,
How bravely he drove back the proud Southern foe.
When through the woodland shade,
And up the mountain glade,

Echo carried to the winds the loud martial strains,
And along the sounding shore,
Where Susquehanna's waters pour,
Was heard the cannon's dreadful roar,
From Gettysburg plains.

He comes like a conqueror, with bright armor
gleaming,

Fair hands to greet him like white lilies wave;
Long may the chief, on whom mild eyes are beaming,
Live in the hearts of the fair and the brave!

He comes in his warrior pride,
Spread the tidings far and wide,

Let them resound through country and town,
Raise high the banners gay,
Spread flowers in his way,
And gather the choicest wreaths,
The hero to crown.

Columbia, we honor thy noble commander,
And give to the patriot the applause which is due;
May we from thy shrine ne'er be tempted to wander,
But ever give praise to the valiant and true!
Let shouts of welcome rise
In loud, exulting cries!

Let the nation's chorus swell in boldest of strains,
And every passing breeze
Which sweeps through the forest trees,
Tell of the victories
Of Gettysburg plains.

CONQUEST OF GEORGIA

HAVE ye not heard of the Georgian land,
With its azure sky and its breezes bland?
'Tis the gem of the South, and the poet tells
Of its vine-clad hills and its fragrant dells,
Of the winding paths through its woods and bowers,
Strewn thick with the leaves of the orange flowers:
No lovelier spot hath the zephyrs fanned
Than the fertile vales of the Georgian land.

Fair were the fields with their golden sheaves,
Rich were the hues of the autumn leaves;
And round on the verdure the dew gems lay
Like a shower of pearls on each blossomed spray.
Down glanced the sun on the woodland height,
Clear flowed Oostanaula's waters bright,
When brave Sherman led his warrior band
To conquer the foe in the Georgian land.

With gorgeous banners floating wide
Came the Rebel force by the mountain side;
And onward rushed with fierce attack:
But the Union soldiers forced them back,
While through the ranks, with lightning speed,
Bold Sherman rode on his gallant steed.
And the Northern chieftain gave command
To fire the guns in the Georgian land.

Strong was his arm in his warrior might,
As the Rebel forces he put to flight.
They fled with speed on their homeward way,
And a fiery cloud all around them lay.
Sharp was the edge of his gleaming sword,
And fearful the tone of his mighty word;
Keen was his eye, and his aspect grand,
As he rode through his troops in the Georgian land.

Great was the triumph of the Union men,
As they marched along through the rugged glen.
Whilst the starry flag waved proudly o'er
Each rocky crag on the winding shore.
The roar of the guns, and the bugle's blast,
Went echoing up through the mountains vast;
And the loud huzzas and uplifted hand
Proclaimed the victories in the Georgian land.

Brave were the heroes of an ancient line,
Who fought on the fields of Palestine,
When an armed knight had to stand his ground,
Tho' an hundred Saracens hemmed him round.
No armed knight, nor the bravest man
That ever stood in the Roman van,
Or chief of Grecia's glorious band,
Could match the hero of the Georgian land.

Rejoice, ye sons of freedom! Now
Bring forth the laurels to crown his brow.
Every link of the rust-worn bondsman chain
Is severed, ne'er to unite again.
The hero's mighty work is done,
The foe is crushed and the victory's won.
And the sound of the lash from the tyrant's hand
Shall never be heard in the Georgian land.

Georgia, thy flowers shall bloom again,
And beauty deck each verdant plain;
And hope and joy and peace benign
Shall o'er thy valleys sweetly shine.
Bright is the zone of Columbia's clime—
All gemmed with heroes and deeds sublime;
And a radiant star in the circlet band
Shall mark the hero of the Georgian land.

THE FUNERAL OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Lines on the funeral procession of President Lincoln as it started from the depot in Philadelphia, April 22nd, 1865.

SOFTLY the light of the parting day
Fell on the dark bier where our chieftain lay,
Casting a halo of glory around
As he lay in his last deep slumber profound.
Fresh, dewy flowerets around him were spread,
Which shed a sweet fragrance over the dead.
Teardrops fell fast, and the heartfelt sigh
Went upwards, and angels looked down from on high.

Slowly and sadly were marching there,
To the sweet, solemn music which swelled on the air,
Patriots and heroes, the valiant and brave,
Who fought for the country, its freedom to save,
And forth to the lines the brave soldiers to lead
Came each bold commander, on his proud, prancing
steed.

As they rode through the ranks in their martial
display,
How gallant their bearing! how bright their array!

Like the waves of the sea came a gathering throng,
To gaze on their ruler as they bore him along.
And the tribute they paid to his virtues so rare
Went up from the Christian in a deep silent prayer.
Tho' severed from earth, and its dear, tender ties,
Tho' closed are forever those mild, beaming eyes,
The thoughts which once spoke on his high, noble
brow,
Have fled to eternity, there brighter to glow.

Tho' we mourn for the martyr, we yet shall rejoice
Our glorious Creator hath sent forth His voice.
The God who kept watch over Israel's band
Has broken the bonds in Columbia's land.
May we honor the chief whom the fierce traitor slew,
May we to his memory be faithful and true!
His name shall go forth to the nations afar,
And in freedom's great circlet shine a bright, beam-
ing star.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL REYNOLDS.

O H! let not his name be forgotten on earth;
Let fame of his valor tell,
That all may point, as they pass by the field,
To the spot where the brave Reynolds fell.
Who that had seen his commanding form,
As he rode through his ranks at full speed,
But must linger awhile at the hero's grave,
And muse on each valiant deed.

It was not for glory and honor alone,
But a purpose more divine,
That the noble warrior offered up
His life at his country's shrine.
The gallant soldiers who stood at his side,
The Southern foe to dare,
Will wipe from their cheeks the falling tear,
As they speak of his virtues rare.

He has fought his last battle, his spirit has fled,
To a far-off beautiful shore;
He has gone to join that immortal band
Of patriots gone before.
Sleep on, mighty hero! thy fame a bright gem
In the circlet of freedom shall shine;
Of all the names which Columbia boasts,
There is none more heroic than thine!

THE PICNIC

THE early dawn shone clear and bright
With fair Aurora's radiant light,
And glanced along the woodland glade,
Blending in beauty soft light and shade;
And o'er the lovely landscape threw
Light gentle showers of glistening dew,
That sparkl'd round on flower and stem,
Like jewels in some diadem;
While softly through the groves was heard
The sweet low carol of a bird,
Whose brilliant plumage glanc'd between
The drooping boughs and foliage green;
And through the gently waving trees
Came the refreshing summer breeze,
Fill'd with the scents of shrubs and flowers,
Wafted from garden beds and bowers,
That round in rich profusion lay,
Most beauteous in the morning ray.
High o'er the Schuylkill's silver flood
Its pine-capped rocky boundaries stood,
And threw their giant shadows o'er
The silvery stream and winding shore;
And far as e'er the eye could reach
The sloping hills and sunny beach
Like one vast panorama lay,
All radiant in the morning ray.
Such was the morning, clear and bright,

When six fleet steeds of snowy white
Gaily caparisoned all o'er,
Stood at a lofty mansion door,
And soon upon the sylvan green
A stately vehicle was seen,
Fill'd with a group of city maids,
Eager to woo the rural shades,
And catch the sweet, refreshing breeze
That gently waved the willow trees;
And by its side a gallant band
Of youths, the finest in the land,
Waiting to catch the lily hand
Of each fair maiden as she put
Down on the green her fairy foot.
Oh! it was beautiful to see
Those city maidens, fair and free,
With bonnets waving to and fro,
As pure and white as new fallen snow.
Some young and lovely as the spring,
With tresses like the raven's wing;
And fair-haired girls, with beauteous eyes,
Blue as the azure, arching skies,
Beneath the spreading branches stood
Like fabled dryads of the wood.
Lightly they tripped through woods and bowers,
As onward flew the rosy hours,
Sweet perfumes came from flowers most rare,
Melodious voices fill'd the air;
And oft amid the song of bird
The wild and ringing laugh was heard,

Which comes with such refreshing zest
Up from the young and guileless breast.
And thus they wil'd the hours away
'Till glorious Phebus' burning ray
Warned every youth and joyous maid
To seek the cooling sylvan shade,
Where on the blossom-covered ground
The well-fill'd baskets soon were found,
And emptied of their dainties rare,
Each to the banquet gave a share.
And then with hearty, joyous glee,
They feasted 'neath the spreading tree.
They laugh'd and talked, and then again
The antics of some merry swain,
Famed for his jokes and happy hit
At humorous fun and sportive wit,
Caused mirth and laughter to abound
And echo caught the joyful sound.
It was a scene of beauty such
As well might suit the painter's touch;
No brighter scene could nature show
To bid upon his canvass glow.
'Twas noon; the sylvan feast was o'er,
And on the Schuylkill's winding shore
Was heard the gently dipping oar.
A voice came o'er the silver wave,
Such as rang through Calypso's cave,
When Hermes from Olympus flew,
And towards her beauteous island drew.

Softly it floated on the air,
Mingling with flute-like music rare.
Sometimes it rose up clear and high;
Then, like the breeze's faintest sigh,
It died away; then rose again,
Till rock and hill, and wood and plain,
Re-echoed back the siren strain.
Now when the sun, with roseate dye,
Began to tinge the western sky,
The picnic group again was seen
Emerging from the woodland green.
No more through sylvan haunts they went,
Their eager glances now were bent
Towards where the fair city lay,
Whose towering spires the parting day
Illumined with its gorgeous ray;
And e'er its streaks of golden light
Were scattered by the shades of night,
Pleased by the day's diversion, each
Anxious his distant home to reach,
The joyful party bade farewell
To murmuring stream and shady dell.
And oftentimes in after hours
Those pleasant groves and fresh wild flowers
In many a sweet remembrance came,
If youth or maiden chanced to name
The pastimes innocent and gay
Enjoyed upon the picnic day.

MIDNIGHT MEDITATIONS

I LOVE to gaze upon the sky
In the deep, silent night,
When the stars in quiet shed
Their pure and holy light,
Down on the world, the sleeping world,
While millions round me lie,
Watched by the everlasting love
Of Him who rules on high.

And as I hear the sighings
Of the cooling, midnight breeze,
That come like fairy music
Through the waving willow trees,
I love to think upon the good,
The generous, and the pure,
Whose hands are op'd to charity
To aid the humble poor;

And on the high and daring minds,
The noble and the free,
Whose soul-felt, thrilling eloquence,
Bids proud oppression flee.
And those within whose gentle hearts
Sweet charity is found.
Who seldom by unguarded speech
The tender feelings wound.

And those, the self-forgetting ones,
Who have not lived in vain,
Who come with pity's angel tones
To soothe the bed of pain;
Who dread no fearful pestilence,
But strengthened from above,
Fly to the suffering ones of earth,
To show their works of love.

Yes, they are those within whose hearts
Dwells pure devotion's flame,
Whose light shines out before the world
To glorify the name
Of Him whose mighty mandate bade
Each bright and beaming sphere,
That rolls in the blue firmament,
So beautiful appear.

Give me, oh! God, Thy grace divine
To imitate their ways;
To feel their deep devotedness,
And Thine shall be the praise.
Give me, like them, mine humbler task
Cheerfully to fulfill,
That all my care on earth may be
To do Thy holy will!

ISADORA

THE maiden she was finely formed,
With all the symmetry and grace
Which gives that easy dignity
Peculiar to the Spanish race.
In manners gentle and refined,
Courteous and affable to all,
No finer form or statelier step
E'er trod the proud hidalgo's hall—
A beauteous specimen was she
Of Spain's fair maids of chivalry.

Her skin was of the lightest shade
Which the Castillian olive shows;
And radiant was the transient glow
Which to its polished surface rose.
If ye have seen that crimson tint
Which the rich glow of autumn gives
To the last foliage when the sun
Comes quivering through the forest leaves,
Ye then have seen the beauteous streak
That glowed on Isadora's cheek.

And on her fine and open brow
There beamed an intellectual grace,
Which proved her rich and well-stored mind
An honor to her noble race.
But, oh! her eyes, her lustrous eyes,
Were of that clear dark hazel hue
Through which the heart's emotions shine
So beautiful and true.
And though they beamed intensely bright,
They shone with placid, pensive light.

TO FANNY.

THIS little tress of jetty hair,
As glossy as the raven's plume,
What memories does it recall
Of one now in the silent tomb,
Whose life was like the meteor's gleam,
Which comes across the dark blue sky,
Flashing an instant to fulfil
Its radiant mission, and to die!

Oh! shall we ne'er again behold
Those soft dark eyes of hazel hue?
Through which the heart's emotions shone,
So tender, eloquent and true?
Nor shall we hear that sweet low voice,
Whose tone was softest melody?
Nor see that graceful form advance
With step elastic, light and free?

Oh! Fanny, could we have known that thou
Would thus have vanished from our eyes,
We would have shown thee more how much
Thine early worth we truly prized;
We who had marked thee from thy youth,
And all thy childish fancies knew,
Could say that all in thy young breast
Was ever faithful, warm and true.

We miss thee in the early spring,
When nature turns with budding flowers,
As thou didst many treasures bring
To plant amid the garden bowers.
We miss thee at the evening hour,
When stars and planets gild the skies,
For thou didst love to talk with us
About their strange, deep mysteries.

Come to us, then, in visions bright,
And speak of thy celestial birth,
Come with that smile which once we thought
Too beautiful for this frail earth,
And tell us of thy heavenly home,
Thy Saviour's fond parental care;
And of that glorious land of love,
Where all is peaceful, pure and fair.

Where through its radiant portals glow
Refulgent rays of heaven's clear light;
Where sickness, sorrow, care, nor pain,
Can ne'er disturb its regions bright.
No pride is there, nor envy's bow
Can ever send its poisoned dart—
For angel spirits ever love
The humble and the contrite heart.

No vain desire, no gilded snare,
Is there the guileless breast to lure;
No judgments harsh arise to mar
The friendships of the just and pure;
But the waters of immortal life
Through its green pastures ever stream,
And o'er this beauteous world above
The eternal Father reigns supreme.

TO ERIN.

O H! Erin, green Erin, thy sweet blossomed
hedges
In fancy I seem to behold;
Thy wide spreading meadows, all covered with
verdure,
And flowers as yellow as gold.

There's learning, there's wit, there's romance in thy
story,
Which tradition and history show;
And thy wrongs are a stain on Britannia's glory,
Tho' proudly she threatens her foe.

Oh! who that has read in thy beautiful legends
Wild tales of the fairies' home,
Or list to the harp of thine ancient bard,
As their shades to his fancy come,

But must linger awhile in his poet dream,
By the ruined tower sublime,
Where dwelt the proud, valorous Irish kings
Who reigned in the olden time!

Land of the patriot, land of the hero,
Land of the poet's lay,
How brave are thy sons! And when danger awaits
them,
Who can be more heroic than they!

Some faults they may have, there is none can deny,
Let prejudice say what it can,
The noblest traits which adorn human nature
Belong to an Irishman.

Then hail to thee, Erin, green, beautiful Erin!
The Emerald Isle of the sea!
Of all the fair lands which we read of in story,
Thou art the most charming to me!

SKETCHES OF JERUSALEM.

WHAT glowing scenes, the mental eye to
feast,
Clothed in the gorgeous beauty of the East,
Come to us, lit by fancy's vivid rays,
And lead us back to those eventful days
E'er the fierce Roman's desolating powers
Swept o'er Jerusalem's high domes and towers!
How like a beauteous sov'reign she reclines,
All gem'd around with groves and spreading vines;
Through her fair fields the vineyards' purple flush
Blends with the ripe pomegranate's deepest blush;
And the sweet perfume of the jasmine flower
Fills, with its fragrance, every garden bower,
Where, 'mid the blossomed boughs and foliage green,
Birds of exquisite plumage glance between;
And all her fertile vales and hills sublime
Bask in the sunlight of her glowing clime.
See, to the fountain and the crystal well
Comes some fair, blooming maid of Israel.
Her dress, her attitude, and airy grace,
Bespeak her lineage from the favored race.
Faith bids her eye a holier language speak,
And warms the rich hue on her olive cheek.
And as we linger on the Bible page,
And in each pleasing history engage,
Up comes, with sweet simplicity and truth,
The charming story of the faithful Ruth.
We see her blushing, like the crimson morn,
Amid the golden sheaves of waving corn,

When, with kind speech and condescending pride,
The wealthy Boaz claimed his rural bride,
No longer then an exile, doomed to roam,
The lovely gleaner, in her mountain home,
Enjoyed those blessings pure which ever prove
A rich reward for faithfulness and love.

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And as each passing vision fades away,
Still to the fancy comes, in bright array,
Her mighty warriors and her ancient kings;
And the sweet bard of Israel sweeps the strings
Of his loved harp; and, pensive and apart,
Pours the deep sorrows of his stricken heart.
In deep contrition lifts his tearful eye,
And sings loud praises to the Lord on high.
What hallowed memories come thronging fast
Through the long vista of the mighty past:
Of that great Voice which, through Judea's land,
Told when the heavenly kingdom was at hand.
Where, 'mid those mountains and those solemn
woods,

And near the winding Jordan's silver floods,
His heart with every kind emotion warm,
Wandered the Son of man's majestic form.
And then a cry is heard throughout the land
Which tells the great Messiah is at hand.
Swift as the winged arrow takes its flight,
The people rush to view the wondrous sight;
Down at His feet their sylvan palms they fling,
With loud hosannahs to their Lord and King.

Out from the portals of the palace gate,
Out from their temples, and their halls of state,
Down from the summits of Judea's hills,
The thronging multitude the country fills.
The high, the low, the learned of the land,
Greek, Jew and Gentile, in His presence stand,
Clad in their flowing robes—the proud and great.
The polished nobles in their chariots wait,
And the rude plebeian masses seem to pour,
Like swelling waves upon the ocean's shore.
And now, behold! in heavenly majesty,
That Being, who was from eternity,
Upon the Mount of Olive's well-known height,
His features radiant with celestial light.
Benignly beautiful, unsoiled by sin,
The full divinity which glows within
Bids an immortal beauty o'er Him spread,
And casts a halo round His sacred head.
Hark to those accents, solemn, sweet and clear,
No tones like those have ever met the ear;
No truth so pure, so full of light divine,
Did ever yet amid the darkness shine.
And while in His blest presence we remain,
Visions of beauty come to us again.
His sacred cheeks, with streaming tears bedewed,
When at the grave of Lazarus He stood;
His mighty mandate 'mid the raging storm;
And the fair Mary bends her beauteous form
And wipes His blessed feet, with pious care,
With the long tresses of her golden hair;

And filled with holy love, devotion's test,
The gentle favorite leans upon His breast.
Around their King a consecrated band
Of holy martyrs and apostles stand,
Ready His heavenly mission to receive,
And in His glorious doctrines to believe.
The tender mother, watching closely by,
Bends on her Son her ever-anxious eye,
And ponders deeply, as new scenes unfold,
What all the ancient prophets had foretold—
His death, His precepts so devoid of strife,
His glorious resurrection unto life;
And all those scenes which followed closely by,
Till His blest form, ascending to the sky,
Was lost forever to the human eye.
Then, in obedience to his Master's call,
Is heard the deep, impressive voice of Paul,
Sounding where Tyre's pure, limpid waters pour
Along the sea-girt Macedonian shore.
That thrilling voice, which was not heard in vain,
By the fair Lydia and her household train,
When to the font, the chosen of the Lord,
Joyful she came to hear the heavenly Word.
We follow him throughout his ministry,
Through dreadful perils, both of land and sea.
Tossed by the waves 'mid rude barbarian powers,
And where fair Athens lifts her ancient towers;
Where with the crowd to hear his heaven-sent rules
Came the learned scholars of the various schools,
Eager the paths of knowledge to pursue,
Curious to learn the wonderful and new.

And many faithful converts to the truth,
From hoary age to fair and blooming youth,
Followed the great apostle as he went
On the great errand by Messiah sent.
Oh, Thou! the Father of our blessed Lord,
Teach us to reverence Thy holy Word;
Teach us forever, though but sinful dust,
In Thy sure promises to put our trust.
Upheld by Thy strong arm, what need we fear
From man's, frail man's imperfect judgments here?
Thou, Thou alone, the anxious soul can aid;
And rightly judge the beings Thou hast made.
If there be truths unknown to us below,
Which it is necessary we should know,
Lift up the veil that hides them from our sight,
And let Thy truth, oh, God! in glorious light
Burst on our souls. Let us no longer stray,
Groping in darkness through this weary way.
And when all nature's scenes, so fair and bright,
Shall close forever on our mortal sight,
Free from all earthly sorrow, care and pain,
Oh, may it be our destiny to gain
That heavenly city whose celestial noon
Needs not the glory of the sun nor moon!
Where the resplendent light of Deity
Illumes the mansions of eternity;
Where round the throne adoring angels raise
Seraphic anthems to Jehovah's praise;
And the blest spirits of the just above
Repose forever in a Saviour's love!

“BLESSED ARE THE MEEK.”

UNTIL the meek and humble heart
A promise sure is given,
Of nature's vast inheritance,
Which lifts it up to heaven.

The minds unfettered by the bonds
Of earthly pomp and show,
Roam o'er the extended universe
And see all nature glow.

Creation, with its boundless wealth,
Is their celestial dower;
They see a charm in every plant,
In every blooming flower.

For them, the broad, deep, azure sky
Its glorious beauty spreads;
For them, the moon and silver stars
Their holy lustre shed.

For them, the blossom-scented gales
Sweep through the waving trees,
And nature's voices ever speak
In sweetest melodies.

For them, the lofty mountain tops
Toward heaven's pure regions soar;
For them, the streams and gushing founts
Their crystal waters pour.

No stinging words escape their lips,
To wound their fellow-man,
For charity, that perfect gift,
Guides every thought and plan.

And when their daily toil is o'er,
How peacefully they rest—
As tranquil as the summer waves
Upon the ocean's breast.

What though the world around them lies,
All darkened o'er with sin?
Still they believe that grace abounds;
And all is peace within.

Content, like some bright angel, comes
Each anxious care to lull,
And spreads a halo round the earth
Divinely beautiful.

And more than these the human tongue
Can no fit language find
To express what God's Word promises
To the meek and lowly mind!

LINES *

MY hand is on thy grave, my son.
It is, as they have said:
My beautiful, my gallant boy,
Lies slumbering with the dead!
The forest boughs wave over thee,
The Southern breeze sweeps by,
And round, 'neath many a grassy mound,
Thy brave companions lie.

I've come to take thy lov'd remains,
To bear them far away;
But, lo! the fierce guerillas come,
I can no longer stay.
I hear their loud, exulting cry,
As o'er the place they roam;
I'll seek again this lonely spot,
And bear thee to thy home.

Thou wast a wild and wayward lad,
And oftentimes, I fear,
That when I spoke in angry tones,
My words were too severe.
Oh! if from the far spirit land
Thou canst thy father see,
Forgive him, for his contrite tears
Are falling fast on thee.

*On a young soldier who had fallen in battle, and whose grave had just been discovered by his father.

Thy comrades say that thou wast true,
That thou wouldst never yield;
That a nobler or more valiant youth
Ne'er fought upon the field.
I will tell it to thy mother,
And to thy sisters dear:
'Twill be a ray amid the gloom,
Their sinking hearts to cheer.

And thy fair, gentle Rosalie—
What shall I say to her?
What sad and deep emotions
Will in her bosom stir?
When I relate the dreadful tale
Of her brave soldier's death,
Who cherished her beloved name
Until his latest breath!

They say one little braided tress
Of her bright golden hair,
Was ever loved and kept by thee,
With tenderness and care;
And tho' thy parting words were few,
They breathed of peace and love,
Commending her and all thy friends
To the great Power above.

No more thy mirth or playful wit
 Shall flash with sportive glee;
No more thy voice shall swell the song
 With richest melody.
Now silent thy once trembling lute,
 Hushed is its sweetest strain;
No hand like thine shall ever sweep
 Its sounding chords again.

Sleep on in peace; the bugle's note
 Shall awaken thee no more;
And when the God of all shall end
 This long and cruel war,
It will be joy to think, my son,
 Thou didst not die in vain,
But for our glorious Union
 Fell on the battle plain.

ON HEARING ATHEISTICAL ARGUMENTS

HENCE, startling doubts! no longer shed
Around my soul this fearful sadness.
Can all those glorious hopes have fled—
Visions that came on wings of gladness?

Can all those bright, those beauteous spheres,
Through boundless plains of space revolving,
Roll, while no guiding Sov'reign steers
Their course unchanged, no time dissolving?

And man, vain man, can he disown,
When gazing on the fair creation,
The presence of the Eternal One,
And deem it all imagination?

I see Him in each little flower
That springs beside the gushing fountain;
I see Him in the rocks that tower
Sublime upon the lofty mountain!

I see Him in the radiant bow,
That spans the mighty arch of heaven;
I see Him in the waves that flow
Onward to ocean's sources driven!

I see Him in the glorious day—
Its radiant beauty when declining;
And in the chaste morn's silver ray,
And holy planets round her shining!

I hear Him in the mighty winds,
His mandates, nature's powers obey them;
He the fierce elements unbinds—
What but omniscient power can sway them!

I feel Him in my heart, yes, here
Where gush the flowing founts of feeling.
Hence, devious science! dark and drear,
Nought but a cheerless gloom revealing!

And proofs more perfect far than those
By nature's glorious scenes suggested,
God's holy, sacred Book disclose—
Truths by a dying Saviour tested.

Whate'er I hear, whate'er I see,
Within the bounds to mortals given,
Of order, peace and harmony,
Above, below, all speak of heaven!

THE INDIAN HUNTER

FAR in the western solitudes,
Where pensive silence ever broods,
Where lofty mountains boldly rise,
Whose summits mingle with the skies;
Where nature spreads her brightest green,
And shining rivers roll between,
There, in a lone, embowering wood,
The wigwam of a hunter stood.
A youth who, though of Indian race,
Nature had formed with manly grace,
Who at the morn's first peep of light
Came bounding o'er the mountain's height,
Or pierced the dark ravines below,
With raven locks and sounding bow,
The bear and timid deer to seek
While health and beauty flushed his cheek.
One beauteous evening, clear and calm,
When vale and mountain breathed of balm,
The hunter left his peaceful home
Amid his native wilds to roam,
Where, as the breezes swept the floods,
And waved the rich autumnal woods,
The rosy beams of evening strayed
O'er rock and stream and mountain glade.
Onward with agile steps he went,
Far down a wild and steep descent,
Where every flower that decks the ground
Scattered its rich perfume around.

And as his dark and piercing eye
Turned upward to the glowing sky,
He laid aside his sounding bow
And rested on the mountain's brow.
Long had the lonely hunter stood
In silent contemplative mood,
When a dark steed, with trappings bright,
Appeared below the rocky height,
Astonished at a scene like this,
He leaped from the high precipice,
And there, beneath the hemlock shade,
A pale-faced, wearied wanderer laid,
His full blue eyes and light brown hair
Disordered by the mountain air.
His noble form, and fair young face,
Bespoke the youth of English race.
And as he lay upon the ground,
While heavy dews were gathering round,
And sudden tremor shook his frame,
And on his cheek the hectic flame
Of fever glowed, sighs broke his rest.
Compassion touched the Indian's breast.
He bore the feverish youth away,
And watched him long, both night and day;
And when the rose, with feeble streak,
Began to tinge his pallid cheek,
He led him to the balmy grove,
Or to the cooling waters strove;
And while the fragrant breezes blew
He rowed him in his light canoe.

Thus did their hearts in friendship twine,
And e'er three moons again did shine
The Indian youth had taught him how
To point the arrow and bend the bow,
To climb the rocky mountain steep,
Or down the fearful chasm leap.
With health restored, thus passed each day,
Till friends and kindred far away
In fancy seemed to chide his stay.
And while the tears of gratitude
The youthful wanderer's cheek bedewed,
Anxious his journey to pursue,
He bade his Indian friend adieu.

Years rolled away. The trumpet's clang
Through those far western regions rang,
Revenge, revenge, each bosom fills.
The savage leaves his native hills,
His sylvan haunts, his murmuring streams,
And flies where the red tomahawk gleams.
Winding along the beauteous shore,
Where Susquehanna's waters pour,
There slopes a hill whose rocky sides
Reflect in her broad silver tides.
Dark hanging woods and tangled glades,
Whose thick, impenetrable shades,
Mingling with cliffs abrupt and rude,
Formed an embowering solitude.
Hither the fierce, dark Indians strayed,
And in its depths in ambush laid,

Pondering in dark, revengeful mood,
On scenes of horror, war and blood.
And as they saw, with scornful glance,
The pale-faced warriors advance
Slowly along the mountain's side,
Their splendid banners floating wide,
They raised that yell whose piercing sound
Makes rocks and mountains all resound,
And onward rushed with fierce attack:
But countless numbers forced them back,
While all along the sounding shore
Was heard the cannon's dreadful roar.
And now, behold! in lofty pride,
Two fearless warriors, side by side.
The Indian clad in wild attire,
With form erect and eye of fire,
Glares on his foe, aims at his life,
And meets him in the deadly strife.
The white man deals hard with his foe,
His arm is raised to give the blow.
But, see! he starts, and from his hand
His weapon falls upon the strand.
Pallid with grief, he lifts his eyes,
And to the undaunted Indian cries:
"What! thy blood spill! No, warrior, no!
Perish the hand that gives the blow!
Thy reeking blade should stream with mine
E'er I could shed one drop of thine!"
"Stranger," the mountain hunter cried,
His dusky features flushed with pride,

“Yon rolling orb can never shine
Upon a race more false than thine.
Think'st thou, tho' yonder prostrate band
Lie crushed by thy victorious hand,
That vengeance sleeps? No, white man, no!
The spirit of the deeps below,
Who rules the earth, the air, and skies,
Shall bid his injured children rise,
Eager to strike the avenging blow.
Ah! yes, it sweetens death to know
I crave not mercy from a foe!”
He ceased, and the white warrior raised
His shadowy plume, and on him gazed.
The sunbeams quivering down the rocks,
Glowing amid his golden locks,
And the white brow serenely high,
Discovered to his piercing eye
The youthful wanderer whose distress
He soothed in the lone wilderness.
All stormy passions now were hushed,
As sadly o'er his memory rushed
Those peaceful hours. In friendship's band
He kindly clasped the white man's hand,
And said, “For me no friends remain,
All, all, are by thy people slain.
My chieftain has in battle died.
My brothers, too, fell at his side;
And I alone, of all my race,
Am left the daring foe to face.

But not by thy hand did they fall:
I know thou would'st have spared them all.
That thou art noble thy actions tell.
White man, the Indian bids farewell.
Thou wilt meet him in his nightly dreams
Beside his native mountain streams."
What! is a warrior's heart so weak?
A tear rolled down his dusky cheek.
"See, see, the west begins to fade.
Farewell, farewell!" again he said,
And sought his home, the mountain shade.

TO A FRIEND

YOU ask if I remember where that little cottage
stood,
In wild and simple beauty, within the shady
wood?

Oh! yes, I well remember when I bade it last adieu,
I thought all scenes of loveliness had faded from my
view.

And well do I remember where that wild, romantic
stream
Flowed through that vale whose shadowy gloom shut
out the sun's warm beam.
Oft have I watched its crystal waves, when bending
there to drink,
Reflecting back the beauteous flowers that blossomed
on its brink.

And that old ruined mansion, too, before me seems
to rise,
Where oft we've stayed at night to watch the star-
illumined skies,
While listening to the twilight breeze sweep through
its lonely halls,
Lifting the ivied wreaths that hung upon its ruined
walls.

No! never can those lovely scenes from my remembrance fade,
Those spreading groves of lofty pines, that dark,
 embowering shade!
And that wild stream, whose plaintive gush was music
 to my ear,
Seems still as bright and beautiful, to memory still
 as dear.

And thou, dear one, so far away, companion of my
 youth,
Whose guileless bosom seemed the seat of innocence
 and truth,
Though time has flown since last we met—the years
 have rolled between—
Thine image still in memory blends with each beloved
 scene.

THE INDIAN BRIDE

THE sun, in mild glory, was sinking low
Where the clear Allegheny's pure waters
flow.

And his parting beams seemed lingering still
In beauteous light on each distant hill,
As if loth to go. While the balmy breeze
That swept o'er the tops of the gold-tinged trees,
Was laden with perfume of flowers most rare,
Which bloomed in the wildest profusion there.

The scene was enchanting; as a storm had been
there,
Which had freshened the verdure and moistened the
air;

And all who beheld that bright orb as it rolled,
Bathing the mountains in floods of gold,
And saw the white clouds floating gracefully by
Through the roseate waves of that glowing sky,
Might have deemed some blest form of ethereal race
Was hovering over that beauteous place.

Oh! who could have thought that a prospect like this
Could awaken a feeling not hallowed with bliss;
That withering grief, or dark despair,
Could find a bosom to torture there!
Oh! yes, there was one, a fair youth stood by,
Whose lofty bearing and proud, calm eye,
Spoke not of grief, but the battle's din
Was calm to the tempest that raged within.

All proudly he gazed, as close by his side
The Indian stalked in his warrior pride.
He had come from the battle his kindred to hail,
And his war plume waved to the whispering gale.
Around him a group of dark savages stood,
Whose hands had been steeped in the white man's
blood.

He gazed around on each well-known height,
And the eyes of the chieftain were fearfully bright.

And close by the side of the warrior was seen
A beautiful maiden, of noble mien,
Whose youthful features seemed clouded with care,
For beauty and sadness were blended there.
Her dark hair flowed wildly. No pale rose streak
Bloomed on the clear brown of the maiden's cheek,
But the eyes that flashed dark 'neath her dusky brow
Were clear as a sunbeam's living glow.

And well might those bright eyes be clouded with
grief

As they met the wild glance of that warrior chief,
Who never was known in his mildest mood
To shrink at the flowing of human blood,
But who gazed on his victim with glaring eyes,
As an offering worthy of sacrifice.
But proud was the white man; he showed no fear
As the voice of the chieftain rang loud and clear.

"Now, hark to me, warriors! The spirit of air,
The Father of red men, has heard our prayer.
His anger no longer the valleys deform,
He hath scattered the whirlwind and stilled the storm;
And the late angry river, how calmly it flows!
He hath hushed its waves into glorious repose,
And e'er the bright morn shall illumine the wood,
This weapon shall stream with the white man's blood."

He ceased, and each one, at the chief's command,
Lay down his quiver and wampum band,
And folding his robes with a strange wild grace
Which is only seen in a warlike race,
The weary forms of the warriors laid
'Neath the drooping boughs in the forest shade,
And the day's last streaks of departing light
Gave place to the darkening shadows of night.

'Twas twilight now, and the moon's fair beam
Was rising resplendent o'er rock and stream;
And clear and tranquil her heavenly light
Illumined the forest, crowned mountain height;
While far away, through the winding vale,
Was heard the wild notes of the night bird's tale,
Whose sweet evening song warbled plaintively by
Till the wild wood rang with its melody.

The eyes of the captive began to close,
And all around him was calm repose,
When soft as the sweep of the summer breeze
There glided a form through the shadowy trees;
And, like some vision of beauty bright,
Stood by his side in the soft moonlight,
Gazing with pensive and anxious air
On the face of the stranger, so pale and fair.

'Twas the form of the Indian maid, he knew,
But altered most strangely to his view.
Those eyes which had gleamed so wildly bright,
Now shone with a soft and pensive light;
And the raven locks of her long, straight hair,
Now floated in beauty on the air.
She spoke, her voice soft whispering low:
"White man, I've come to save thee now!"

Now bright as the vivid lightning's glow,
Hope beamed again on the captive's brow,
And quickly he answered, "Bright Indian maid,
Thou peerless flower of the forest shade,
By thy great Spirit of earth and air,
By yon high glittering heaven, I swear
The moment that severs these bonds of mine
Shall make me, fair maiden, forever thine!"

She answered him not, but quickly the bands
Dropped from the prostrate captive's hands.
And fleet as the wild deer, the maiden flew
To the river, where floated her light canoe.
She gazed her last on that beauteous land,
Then beckoned the stranger to the strand,
And down the clear river like magic flew,
Till the distant forest was lost to view.

But, hark! what sound now pierces the dell!
'Tis the sound of the well-known Indian yell.
Louder and louder the war cry grew,
But swifter by far flew the light canoe
Down the clear stream, 'neath the moon's pale ray,
Till in distant murmurs it died away,
And the stranger beheld in the form by his side
The flower of the forest, his Indian bride!

THE LITTLE LORD *

AT the window of a castle fine,
Most regal to behold,
A little lord was peeping through
The curtain's parting fold.

And as his bright eye wandered round,
Some object new to greet,
He saw a little laboring boy
Come walking down the street.

Upon his arm a basket hung,
And tho' most poorly clad,
His clothes were very neat and clean—
They were the best he had.

He walked along in quiet mood,
And did not stop to play,
Because his mother oft had said,
"I hope you will not stay."

The little lord was very vain,
And very foolish, too;
And thought that he could undertake
What others could not do.

* This juvenile poem, with a few embellishments, was taken from a scene which occurred in England.

He said, "I'll have some fun to-day,
When I that boy shall meet;"
So putting on his hat and cloak,
He hurried to the street.

The laboring boy turned round to see
Some chariot rolling by;
The little lord stepped to his side,
With movements quick and sly;

He gave a push, the basket fell
Down on the muddy ground,
And all the bread and cheese it held
Lay scattered all around.

"You roguish one!" the lad exclaimed,
"My basket you've upset;
And all my nice fresh loaves of bread
Are rolling in the wet!

"I wonder much that one like you
Could do so mean a thing!
I will not take such things from you,
If your father is the king!

"You think, proud boy, because I'm poor,
That I can never dare
To pay you back for what you've done,
And so you do not care.

"I'll go unto your parents,
And tell them what you've done;
I'm sure that they will punish you
For such unfeeling fun."

The little lordling tossed his head
With a disdainful air,
And said: "Yon castle is my home;
You cannot enter there."

"Well, if I cannot enter there,
I'll take the law myself,
And give you a good thrashing,
You mischievous little elf.

"But not to be revenged on you—
I do not love to fight;
But to punish you for such an act,
Is nothing more than right."

The little lord grew red with rage,
And stamped upon the ground.
The fearless lad then whipp'd him well,
The boys all gathered round.

A lady dressed in silken robes
Came to the castle door,
And said: "I wonder what it is
That makes this great uproar."

The poor boy stood, with form erect
And an undaunted air,
And plainly told his simple tale
Unto the lady fair.

She was a graceful, high-born dame,
Of proud ancestral blood,
And well knew how to appreciate
The noble and the good.

She answered him in accents bland,
With aspect sweet and mild,
And said: "I do believe your tale;
You are a truthful child.

"I see it in your honest face.
Your spirit I admire;
And that my son should copy you
Is what I most desire."

She pointed with her lily hand
To where the basket lay,
And said: "Now go, you naughty boy,
And take it up, I say.

"And gather all the scattered loaves,
And put them in again;
And never, never, while you live,
Do such an act again!

“Remember that your noble birth,
With all its wealth combined,
Is nothing, if you do not have
A pure and upright mind.

“Come, pattern by this lowly boy,
And here his pardon crave;
To acknowledge wrongs which we have done
Is ever true and brave.”

“Oh, no!” the poor boy quickly cried,
“That cannot, must not be;
I see that he is sorry now,
And that’s enough for me.”

The little lord no longer raged,
But bent his head with shame,
And tho’ ’twas hard, he knew that he
Must mind that noble dame.

So to the lad he went and said,
“I hope you will forgive;
I’ll ne’er upset your loaves again
As long as I do live.”

The lady then stepped to his side,
And placed within his hand
A coin that glittered in the sun
Like pebbles on the strand.

He said, "I thank you, lady fair;
It is too much, I'm sure;
I'll take it to my mother dear,
For she is very poor."

They parted, and the noble pair
Went to their splendid dome;
And the little laboring boy went on
Towards his cottage home.

* * *

Years passed away, and 'mid the ranks
Of Briton's learned men
Our little lowly boy was found,
Grown up to manhood then.

And well he filled his station high,
For he was kind and true,
And ne'er forgot the humble friends
His early childhood knew.

And as in knowledge he advanced,
And earthly honors came,
He treasured in his memory
The fair and noble dame.

And ever grateful for the means
Her bounteous hand had given,
To train his youthful intellect,—
The precious gift of Heaven.

Now skilled in lore and fit to serve
 Whene'er his country calls,
He mingles with the good and great
 In England's noble halls.

* * *

And now, my little readers dear,
 My story has an end;
And, like our hero, may you find
 A good and faithful friend.

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